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STORMS OF YOUTH 2 : COMMERCIAL ISSUE

FEB '81

PROSTITUTES' BANQUET ★★★

INSIDERS PREDICT

WEDDING BELLS FOR DYLAN AND FALWELL !

He's Like A Big Strong Daddy To Me, —— DYLAN Confesses

★★★

MARLON BRANDOS' Sex Life Revealed !

★★★

Pagan Worshippers Discovered Inside Boyscout Troup

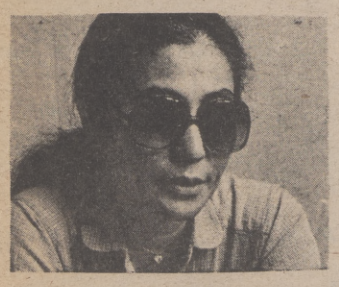
★

New Jungle Music Corrupting !! Urban Youth

★★

YOKO ONO —— A Hermaphrodite ??

★★



NATALIE WOOD DID SHE PREDICT HER OWN DEATH?

Commercial ★ Very Commercial ★★ Top Commercial ★★★

STORMS OF YOUTH 2

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A RIDDLE AND A CLARIFICATION

This is the second issue of this magazine , but the first to bear any title, much less two titles. In honor of this, our special commercial issue, we will henceforth bear the very commercial title "Storms Of Youth". "Prostitutes' Banquet" is the extremely commercial (three stars!) subtitle of this issue only. This process of product identification should not be taken as an attempt at "selling out". That will have to wait until issue number three, which is, of course, our special Art issue. Incidentally, issue four will be our last. We hope this clears up any confusion. —the Staff

Q: How can one be effectively subversive in a commercial society while remaining completely uncommercial?

A: You can't.

commercial adj 1 b (2): producing artistic work of low standards for quick market success 2 a: viewed with regard to profit <a ~ success> b: designed for a large market

prostitute n 2: a person (as a writer or painter) who deliberately debases himself or his talents (as for money)

Daniel Loeb

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editorial

On the Importance of the Youth Market, and other topics

"Do you remember President Nixon
Do you remember the bills you have to pay
Or even yesterday"

--David Bowie, *Young Americans*

First of all, don't bother me with demographics. Sure the baby boom bulge which history tells us made the sixties such a youthful decade has moved (with surprising docility) into middle age. They dominate the marketplace in terms of sales, buying massive amounts of Kenny Rogers records and hanging on to a few tattered delusions of youth, cluttering the way for a scattered and apathetic 18--25 year old age group with no sense of its own importance, or rather a sense that it has no importance. After all, we grew up in the shadow of Flower Power,watching our older siblings and in some cases even our parents engaging in activities traditionally belonging to us, although with somewhat diminished spirit. Discos were never quite the same as discotheques and *I Feel Love* sure as shit wasn't *Satisfaction,* but it was close enough to mask a new generation gap and take the punch out of rebellion, that is, until Punk came along, proving that where there's a will, there's a way, but that's another story.

The point is that youth is vitally important to the market regardless of our percentage of the population. With everything happening faster and faster in the global village and all that, it's perfectly natural that the manufacturers of *product,* the medium through which our culture is influenced, are becoming increasingly efficient at the exploitation of new ideas. Look at the astonishing speed with which *Punk* became *New Wave.* If selling out is the ultimate crime in the Punk world it's because by selling out you continue the process, and the process obviously cannot continue much longer. (An idea: with Punk fairly integrated into the establishment, and me not yet drinking age, perhaps we'll be the first generation to produce *two* revolutions!) It's folk wisdom at this point to call our culture youth-oriented, which means oriented not to people who *are* young, but to people who *want to be.* Like anything else, youth is a commodity. Who buys it? You guessed it, it's that old population bulge again. Not to let them off the hook, but who can blame them? They had ideals, passion, love- now they've got Betamaxes. They've become the thing they most despised.

People who are actually young are important for two reasons. First as a source of new ideas, which though unpleasant in their raw state, can, when reprocessed properly, i.e. guts removed and just enough stylistic edge left to give the illusion of honesty, be soothing in its basic similarity to former pap. Secondarily, youth is assumed to have an intuitive sense of what products are youthful-- an assumption rather in opposition to the evidence. The majority of our generation apparently had their spirit broken in the cradle, if we can judge by the success of bands in business suits like Abba and Styx, and conversely, the relative obscurity of such an awesome rock and roll band as Black Flag (I consistently use the music industry as an example only because R andR is so closely tied to the fortunes of youth; any entertainment industry will provide ample evidence). While the best of our generation is, like Patti Smith, high on rebellion and working around, underneath or on top of the system (outside it just doesn't exist anymore), producing material so radical it may not be co-opted for two or three years, the rest of us are happily purchasing *age* from the youth peddlers.

* * *

Three youth films descended on our fair city recently, all of them more popular with the 25-40 age group than the 18-25 although the best of them, *Spetters,* from Holland, did pick up a share of the youth market. The other two were *Gallipoli,* from Australia, and *Chariots of Fire,* from the U.K. A perfect opportunity to see how our age group is viewed by people old enough and rich enough to make movies:

What they think we were: *Gallipoli* ("a place you never heard of" according to the ads).

Another vastly over-rated film from the vastly over-rated "New Australian Cinema", *Gallipoli* is the saga of two well dressed, wholesome young men who happen to both run very fast (remember this!) They meet and experience the potent combination of male bonding and coming of age at the same time, and also sign up for the war effort, it being the patriotic thing to do and all, and find the army a bit of a lark until one day the fair-haired one (gulp) is tragically and senselessly killed in a stirring condemnation of war, or badly fought ones at least. The tears flow all the morerapidly because these are the kind of innocent, patriotic, good hearted, good natured and good looking young men you don't see much of any more.

Funny thing, that.

What they think we are: *Spetters* (hotshots).

I wouldn't call *Spetters a* good film exactly, it's extremely shallow, but it does have an edge of sensuality and a few virtues you won't find in *Gallipoli* or *Chariots of Fire*, for example: Women who talk and do things! Sex presented as something funny, sad, dirty, wholesome, despicable and loving, but primarily as something which exists and is important in the lives of young people! Main characters (some) who don't look like models and whose actions are not always wholesome and/or virtuous! In other words, the film does make a recognizable attempt at realism, although Director Verhoevens idea of reality (see *Keetje Tippel* and *Soldier of Orange* also) is one long string of rapes, torture, crippling accidents and suicides presented with such flash and melodrama that the audience winces more at the enthusiasm of the director than at his attempts to go for the big audience catharsis the easy way.

Verhoeven sees youth today asepic figures who experience more tragedy and change in a few months than you'd expect in twenty years, at least. But through it all they remain basically wholesome and unthreatening and when the smoke clears the survivors have enthusiastically joined the establishment or choose to remain tied to it (the theme of continuity from father to son is made explicitly clear). Oh yes, the three males in this film *race motorcycles.*

What they want us to be: *Chariots of Fire*

Chariots of Fire is about four young British men in 1924 who run faster than anyone else in the world (if you think this would fit better in the "What they think we were" category, think again. If ever a nation yearned to turn back the clock, Britain under Maggie Thatcher is it). They are handsome, they are rich, and they are white. They are proud, strong noble and patriotic. As role models, they are fatally attractive. They are referred to throughout the film as "the blessed of the gods", "like a god", "the hope of England" ad nauseum. The camera films them from low angles and in slow motion and the neo-Wagnerian synthesized soundtrack swells with excitement when they fill the screen. The film opens and closes with a shot right out of Reifenstahls'*Olympia*: The heroes run along the beach in lyrical slow motion, heads thrown exhultantly back, muscles pumping tirelessly, while an old man and a little boy silently watch, immersed in their own thoughts. These men have everything, they are everything, and they deserve it, through divine right and because their first allegiance is to God and Country. In short, tomorrow belongs to them, and if only Thatcher and company could find young men like this outside of this dangerously effective paean to an impossible past, I'm sure they'd be happy to sign it over.

It's rather frightening to think of the huge number of people who believe that our collapsing world can be saved by a return to the sacred idiocies that brought us to this point.

You've no doubt caught on to the fact that these films have in common the theme of youth as runner (technological runner in the case of *Spetters*) which is certainly a natural and venerable one. But while all these filmmakers have sensed that running is an appropriate occupation for youth, they have entirely missed the reason why. Youth, in the mythic sense, does not run for the glory of the fatherland, nor to meet a senseless death, and certainly not into the embrace of an unfortunate status quo (is that any less senseless? any less a death?). Rebellion, after all is another tradition associated with youth.

I propose that youth runs because to run is to intensify sensation, it is to feel the wind against your skin, your heart pound against your chest, it is to insure that you will soon be in a different place, it is to twist your environment into a violently tactile tunnel of rapid and infinite variation. In short, youth runs in pursuit of *life.*

Which is to say, *change.*

And that is the power and the crime of that last shot from *Chariots of Fire.* It drafts the ecstasy of change into the service of conservatism.

I never got my license to live
They won't give it up
So I stand at the world's edge

--Iggy Pop, *Some Weird Sin*

The Reich will last a thousand years.

--Nazi slogan

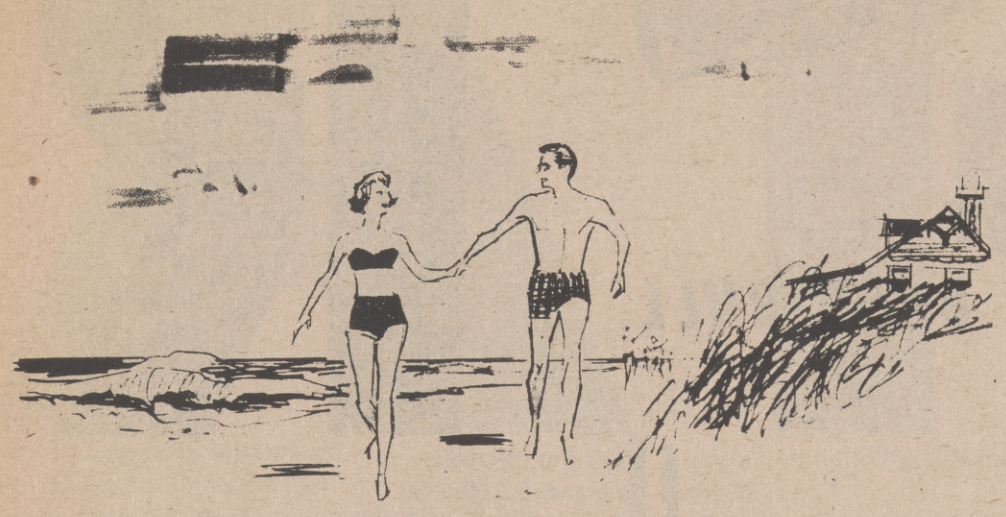
Let's not lose our objectivity, now. That slogan doesn't mean a thousand years of war and genocide. On the contrary, the elimination of Jews and other impure humans was to be achieved as quickly as possible, and the Reich secured as a world government. Then, for a thousand years, *nothing would happen.* The world would be purified, nothing would be unexpected. We would live and die, our grandchildren would live and die, under the Reich. The world would be at peace. The most terrifying aspect of Nazism for me is not the extermination of segments of the populace, or even the knowledge of what atrocities we humans are capable of, but that *vision.* The vision of *stasis;* anti-life. And the fact that the human race has a marked propensity toward that vision.

Out here at the world's edge I've got to laugh at all that talk earlier about generations,*about* that *generation selling out, and how many revolutions* this *generation can pull off... as if people were only born in the first year of every decade, or as if every single postwar baby were now sitting in a hot tub, zonked on cocaine. To truly* live , *to be* free *and to shoulder the responsibility that implies, is the most difficult thing to do, and the highest art. Collectively, we have neither the courage nor the imagination to be free. The salvation of the species will always lie with the individual.*

--Aaron Noble

TANK MANEUVERS

ON MARRIAGE



by Marian Kester

To marry is to proclaim to the world at large that freedom has become too much for you: you are fatigued, you fain would sleep. It is a sleep from which few ever wake again. For although the eventual divorce is now adumbrated within the wedding ceremony itself, rarely do the marriage-prone realize that what "went wrong" the first time was no abnormal mishap, but the nature of hte beast. Thus they persist in searching for a mate who won't demand their soul for dowry , until at last they fall into a web too sinewy for their pitiable strength to break.

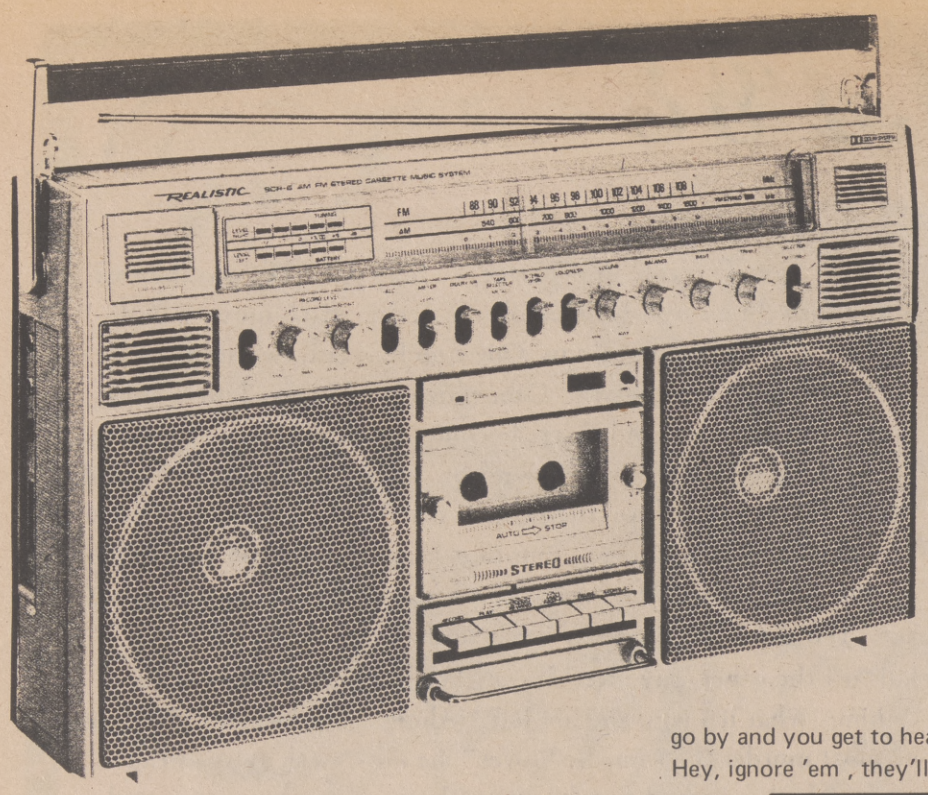
You've seen them, the rings grown into their fingers, the complementary tics that, when paired, still fail to make a whole. Their ears ring with oft-heard, unspoken reproaches. Their brains have been replaced by tape recordings that recite in endless regression and digression the other's crimes against them. Their joy lies in thwarting the other, their vitality waxes only at the other's expense. The other's malice is their alibi. Their reminescences and stories are present to contradict and silence. Their children are the *evidence*, Exhibit A in a perpetual suit and countersuit. They are the stunted, grimly diligent attendants of a mechanism that deforms their own hearts, their own minds.

The first rule of marriage is: Stay put. The possibilities of life shrivel into well-planned obsolescence. Each move is hobbled by its built-in limitations. One step forward, two steps back. Each day brings new deaths. Life, which lived in freedom is quite short, though sweet and sharp, becomes interminable.

If ever there were a word to conjure with, that word is "love". First comes love, then comes marriage-- rather, first comes fear, then comes insurance. Emotional racketeering. Protection money paid through the nose, like a hemorrhage. A pension in old age. The one then dares the other to die first. And as the one kills off the other, day after day, night after night, it may occur to him: What if I win, and am left? Alone... But he can't help it: he must murder the thing he "loves", he must slash away at the parasite he has invited to take up residence within his empty soul. The dummy murders the ventriloquist, and in doing so kills himself.

And for all that, the long safe life, society's approval, the illusion of immortality brought on by repetition, the production of an heir-- when the old pair lie dead, it is as if they'd never lived.

DON MAJOLIN M.D.
DR MANDLIN MY WIFE'S BEEN HIT BY A CAR. SHE'S HURT BAD!!
SO? WHAT THE HELL do YOU WANT ME TO do ABOUT IT?
BUT YOU'RE A DR.! YOU MUST HELP HER!!
AW QUIT CRYIN!! TODAY'S MY GOLF DAY. GO AWAY. SCRAM!!!
MARGE. BRING ME MY PUTTER!
THE END



R

BY BART BULL

Editor's note: This article was abridged from one originally published in the Phoenix New Times *in the Summer of '81. We felt it deserved a wider audience and ask for your indulgence for some slightly outdated information and local references. This was the last in a series of three articles on the Balkanization of America. Previous articles dealt with Urban Cowboys and Hardcore Punks.*

Once upon a time not long ago
Everybody had on their radio
You could hear James Brown and the Motown Sound
That soulful stuff was all around
And though the white folk mostly switched the station
They could catch it if they had the inclination
Couldn't help but make your booty move
Like we was all one nation under a groove
Couldn't help but make your booty shake
We was struttin' up toward the Big Mistake
And the chocolate cities and the suburbs of vanilla
Had best get ready, 'cause it gonna be a killer..."

from "The Meda Strut," by Mighty Mac and the Killer B

S'just like Kurtis Blow say: "These are the breaks/ Break it up, break it up, break it up/ Breakdown!" You know what I'm ...say *what?* You ain't even *heard* of Kurtis Blow? Oh, *maaaaaan!* Where you *been?* That's like sayin' you ain't never heard of the Sugarhill Gang! Any body that don't still got the cockaburrs in their nappy haid know 'bout Sugarhill! Maybe you ain't caught Spoonie Gee or Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five or the Sequence or the Funky Four Plus One, but if you ain't heard of Kurtis Blow or the Sugarhill Gang, you double-square and you ain't nowhere. You been nappin' when you coulda been rappin', fool. You been missin' the beat that's so unique, put a wiggle in yo' walk, put a tickle to yo' feet. Been skippin' the beat that motorvates the street, gots the mamas and they babies to be doin' the freak.

You don't *even* know who Kurtis Blow is, do you? One tune, "The Breaks" by Kurtis Blow, sums up the whole thing for the summer, the sense of what it was to be alive and kicking and black in the summer of 1980, just like "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" (I Feel Good) did in 1965 like "Satisfaction" did for the white kids that same year, like Aretha's "Respect" did that summer that...and you...never...even...HEARD...IT. Right. And you wanna tell me how things is changed from before when everything was all racist and all. Get outta my face, fool -- we been sippin' from outta different water fountains again, Jim, even if you *didn't* know, and I don't care what year it s'posed to be -- we talkin' Jim Crow on the radio!

All the bloods be broadcastin' that groovy noise, got the ghettoblasters turned up past ten and the bass and treble knobs torqued past oblivion too, givin' y ou a good shot of what they got. You don't want to hear, that's alright with them. They holdin' it right up in yo' face now, so you just go 'head and ignore 'em. Ignore 'em next time you walkin' down the sidewalk and they don't give you enough room to pass a cockaroach through and they chump you with their shoulders as you go by and you get to hear 'em laugh as you leave. Hey, ignore 'em , they'll go away, right? Right?

"Obviously, the colonists who came on shipboard at Plymouth in England would arrive at Plymouth in New England in the same cultural condition in which they had left. A prolonged community life on shipboard might bring them closer together, but gave no opening for extraneous cultural forces. Since there were no strange peoples institutions, cultures, landscapes or merchandise on the way, their six weeks voyage of these thousand miles left them uncontaminated."

from *The Exploring Spirit; America And The World, Then and Now*
by Daniel Boorstin

Rappin' music just gotta be about the perfect expression for right this moment of what it is. Don't have any restrictions 'ceptin for the form itself, which is like a bass and drums cuttin' them a *death* rythm groove while the emcee rocks the house with a vicious rhyme, 'cause didn't nobody be spectin' it to come out on records anyways. Music from offa the street, man, with the beat, the beat, that sounds like heat, sounds like whatever it wanna be soundin' like 'cause it all in code anyways. When you talkin' to your clientele, hey, you get to say what you wanna say. You on the one if you havin' fun, just do yo' do til yo' done. Conversate, conversate; if they can't relate don't pay the freight.

Rappin' got started long long time ago, if you wanna know. Wouldn't be *no* trouble tracin ' it back to Africa's *griot* traditions, 'less you mind occasional gaps of a generation or two, where the slate kinda got wiped clean. Goes without saying that the dozens, the dirty dozens, signifyin' monkey, all that streetcorner shit that been round for ever since there *been* a streetcorner for blacks to hang out on, that stuff all ties in too. All blacks know how to rap, according to Sylvia Robinson, the woman who owns Sugarhill Records, the independent record company that just about owns the rap market. Always have; they were rappin' to the slavetraders who dropped by to pick'em up, rappin ' to their slavemasters and the overseers and the missys and the Kluxers and the trash and the whole ofay world that never was interested enough to spens a little time and effort figuring out what the niggers were talking about as long as they just mixed it up a little. Code. Ofay, the single longest-lasting term used to descibe whites by blacks (honkie, reffering to the nasal qualities of white speech, is a relatively recent variation and since it entered mass media's vocabulary and lost its code-secrecy, has fallen into disuse) is simple pig-latin for "foe".

But rappin' as done by today's rapper dj's just got cookin' a couple of years ago. Started out, some dj'd be workin' him a houseparty or somethin', got his mixer board and turntables and p.a. and like that, and he'd take him the hottest rythm groove from some hard cuttin' tune -- something like "Good Times," by Chic, the national anthem of at least one of the states in the union; definitely got more people standin' to their feet for that one than the other one --- and start doin' his rap over top of it, rhymin' and chimein' tellin' all the ladies what a coldcrushin' lover he was, rappin' to 'em 'bout his credit cards and his diamond rings, his Sony tv and all them good things, layin' out little cautionary tales, picaresque anecdotes, scattin' like the emcee at a glossaholics convention. He'd be all *over* his turntables, maybe havin' two copies of the same thing goin', switchin' back and forth and back, from hot spot to hot spot, or maybe he'd be slappin' down all kinds of different thangs, mixin' and blendin', shapin' and mendin,' fixin' and fendin', and all the time to be rockin' the house and rappin' it out, tell 'em 'bout,

his sign of the zodiac,
his brand new Cadillac,
his personal swimmin' pool ;
his twelve-inch hit, his love outfit ,
his never-been-satisfied-tool.

It's a fascinating word, disco. Came out of nowhere, right? A word that had never existed before, not in its shortened form, and that descibrd a type of music as well as a type of place. A really intriguing term, and even today, in every town and city in this country (the New Country), there are places where, as the air turns shocking shades of blue with every obscenity the white American mouth can manage, you can get your butt kicked royal by using it the wrong way. Like suggesting, perhaps, that it could possibly have some value or validity.

Disco was a marketing euphemism for niggerfaggotspick music. It served the same purpose as the term "rythm and blues" had; around 1949, the record business trade journals were getting a little embarrassed by the category title "race music" and, after a brief flirtation with such alternatives as "ebony" and "sepia" they settled *en masse* on "rythm and blues." Faggots and spicks were not really factored into the equation in those days; at least the coons didn't swish and they spoke some semblance of English. Of course , six or eight years later, when the white kids had begun to catch on to R&B, the music's real name arose, came trippingly off the tongues, ironically enough, of the white-on-white ministers and civic leaders and various figures of authority who denounced the despoiling of White American Youth. "Jungle music," they called it and they were every bit as right as they thought they were; it was doing *awful* things to the youth of the day, introducing them to an entire world that had been hidden before their eyes, a world of sin and abandon and sex and soul and all sorts of enticing stuff. Dwight and Mamie never looked quite the same again once they had encountered Little Richard and Long Tall Sally, Chuck Berry and Maybelline, LLoyd Price and Staggerlee, Jim Dandy and Speedoo and C.C. Rider . . . not to mention the thrills to be had once one had mounted Blueberry Hill.

And if we're going to be looking for direct antecedents to rap music, we best take a long look at the roots of rock'n'roll. Go back and listen to Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley and all the New Orleans R&B — hell, just about any of the R&B of the time , for that matter — and what you hear is almost exactly equivalent to today's rap doggerel — jivey litanies of what's good and what's truly truly bad; hints on makin' it and tips on breakin' it, all of it directly transferable to today's rappin' style. Simply lift the lyrics and put that cookin' bass-and -drum beat underneath and you got it . . . with one small but all-important difference. Those songs are Golden Fifties Classics,encrusted with ten times their weight in nostalgic respect. The boombabies grew up with that stuff! This other, the contemporary stuff, this rappin' shit — hell, that's just more nigger babble.

If you're gonna look at rap's roots, you best not forget George Clinton and his ParliaFunkadelicement Thang. Clinton, as a wild a street-smart wheeler dealer as is working in music today, with a pretty twisted sense of humor to boot, can pretty much be given credit for the resurgence of funk today. Clinton was funkin' everything up when disco was at its slickest and he never lost sight — so to speak — of the fact that funk originally referred to an obnoxious odor. Clinton's music has always contained hilarious chant couplets ("Shit! Goddamn! Get of yo' ass and jam!" "If you ain't gonna get it on, take yo' dead ass home!") that draw from nursery rhyme nonsense, storefront gospel preachin', LSD-addled synopses and a few sources known only to Dr. Funkenstein himself. In any case, he cleared the way . . . if you can call that sort of way clear . . .

Spend a day in a downtown bar sometime, the kind where the bartenders keep a sawed- off pool cue handy behind the bar at all times, and you're bound to hear at least one good jailhouse rap. Some guy who had no better ideas for ways to do easy time than

AP

MUSIC AND THE RACE QUESTION

Struttin' up to the Big Mistake

to memorize a fancy little stretch of lyric doggerel— stolen, usually, form a cellmate — will come up and begin to recite for you if he can't remember having hit on you before.Usually the rap entails lots of romantic details concerning the way the circumstances conspired to force the narrator to commit his heinous deeds(which he deeply regrets and would never do again, unless forced to by circumstance) and of course he inflicted on innocent family and friends. The black raps are always a lot more swingin'; the white ones tend to sound like Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried." Invariably the spiel — which could go on for a minute or for ten — will end along this line:

"Now you've heard my tale of woe
I hope it's made you think
And I hope before you go
You'll buy a con a drink."

But the most interesting antecedent, the one that most directly parallels America's rappin' music, is that of Jamaica's toasters. Toasting came out of the Kingston sound system days, the times back in the fifties when small time record store/one stop owners like Prince Buster would spin at the big courtyard dances at places like Jubilee Tile Gardens ar the Caterers' Hall Carnival. They'd take the latest R&B hit from America and then get on the P.A. and start exhorting the dancers to step lively, get a little skank in the back of the ranks. There'd be the booming looming voice of the Prince, or Duke Reid or Sir Coxson Dodd coming right up out of the speakers, arguing hilariously with the recorded American singer or, better yet if it was an instrumental, they'd be congratulating themselves in rhyme on their razor sharp threads, their excellent taste in women or else maybe trying to cool the rudies down, keep 'em from cutting one another to ribbons.

Wasn't long before ska came stepping and the toasters were having instrumentals recorded specifically for toasting over. Shortly thereafter, they were *recording* as toasters, immortalizing their latest riddem rhyme in a more formalized, less evanescent sense. Toasters, like rappers, are by nature exceptionally egocentric individuals, each of them apparently believing that Jah has personally endowed them and, conversely, that all other toasters are imposters and frauds. Epic battles have taken place on record, with toasters hurling themselves to new heights of inventiveness to cut their rivals.

As reggae developed, toasting went through numerous shifts in stylistic popularity. Dub entered. (A style indigenous to reggae, dub consists of the manipulation of the master recording of some tune through the mixing board, shifting the vocals out, perhaps, and the bass up, throwing in echo upon echo, accentuating key lines, doing all manner of horsing around in order to achieve weird, kitschy, oddly engaging affects. Scratch, Lee Perry, the Upsetter, is the acknowledged master.) New toasters arrived, usually bearing some sort of Rastafarian message U-Roy, Big Youth, I-Roy, Dillenger, Tapper Zukie, Dennis Alcapone, Clint Eastwood, each of them with their own following, each of them with their own message about the terrors and temptations of Babylon, of the soon-come inevitability of Zion, nearly indecipherable suggestions for appropriate behavior, for keeping the spirit free while the body is being crushed under the heel of oppression.

The importance of the comparisons between toasting and rapping, between prison raps and rapping, between the dozens and rapping, is that the intentionally convoluted jargon used as coin of the realm comes about from a sense of furtiveness, from the feeling that the Man gonna jump in your shit sumpin' terrible if he find out what you been talkin'. It's a way of conversing with your cellmates, spreadin' the word down the line that the big break is comin' soon. And you may agree that it's extermely interesting that now, in the early eighties, when we have supposedly solved most of our racial problems — although there *does* seem to be somewhat of a suspiciously large lump over there under the rug — there suddenly bursts forth a musical form based entirely on black jargon code language. Surely this country's minorities have nothing to fear from *us!*

"When I was young I used to wait
On massa and hand him the plate
Pass down the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the bluetail fly
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Massa's gone away . . ."

traditional "coon song"

The willingness of the boombabies to move as a single group cannot be overestimated. Their ability to decide their stance on moral dilemmas through the dictates of current fashionability is matched only by the fervor with which they spout their opinions once their minds have been made up for them. The generation that opposed Viet Nam because of the immorality of war in general and U.S. Imperialism in particular (along with the minor and *entirely* coincidental side issue that their own college careers might be interrupted and their asses shot off in the process) has somehow managed to re-evaluate their stance vis-a-vis the military and U.S. defense policies now that they're paying the inflation-ravaged grocery bills. Moreover, in a daring and deep-felt change of heart, these patriots are entirely willing to defend America's interests, bomb the snot out of any country that sounds like it might belong to OPEC and are even willing to go so far as to offer up their younger brother's lives to see the job done right .

Racism? The central issue of the sixties, hallowed springtime of the boombabies years? Fortunately, that issue was resolved sometime between November of 1970 and April of '71, freeing us to move on to more pressing issues, like Real Estate and How To Acquire More of It. Racism ceased to exist as soon as we established "All in The Family" as the Morality Play That Bubbles Our Sins Away, along with Bilingual Education as ou r Penance and Affirmative Action as our Act of Contrition. It was indeed fortunate that racism withered away (except in the twisted minds of certain old farts, ala Archie Bunker, some Southerners, and other obviously foolish Bigots) because the clearing of the air
allowed us to be entirely frank in giving our impressions of all the damn incompetent minority-types who were being whisked on Affirmative Action's red carpet right over our heads without suffering any unnecessary pangs of guilt.

SKIN 1

Sliding, turning, cadencing come the roarers, screamers, and scroungers. Zip coon, hip coon. Irregular routines and impossible alternations. Beatitude becomes inevitable from a posture of disdain.

THE HARD BLUES

Sinuous, lugubrious bluesy pant. Talk about the last flamboyeah — hail to the warrior goose. Backwards, forwards, gyrations of heel and toe. Whoop a hurdy gurdy comes crowing like a cock, braying like an ass, running like a coon ahead of the pack, Ya-sir, that's my baby.

from "Coon Bid'ness" by Wilma Moses

About 1970, Miles Davis began to expe riment with bands containing electronic music instrumentation, improvising jazz style but with rock's characteristic textures and dynamics. Within a year or two, what was being called jazz-rock or fusion began to make a serious commercial dent and a year or so after that, it dominated the jazz charts. Jazz critics — *there's* a contradiction in terms if ever ther was one — the younger ones especially, all went for it in a big way, since most of them were grounded as much in rock as jazz. Some of the older guys were a little disgruntled, it's true, but that was nothing new.

Something began to bother even the biggest boosters after a while, however, bother them a great deal. They were capable of getting quite worked up on the subject, in fact. Some of the fusion players were, they felt quite certain, selling out. To whom or to what, they were not quite as certain about but they were more than vehement in their beliefs anyway. Guys like Herbie Hancock and George Duke and Stanley Clarke were constantly being accused of . . .of . . . well, of getting funky. You Know, selling out. . . .

Nobody ever explained just *why* getting funky was selling out (especially since the sales possibilities in jazz-rock were enormously greater if one achieved recognition with the white rock audience instead of the much smaller black dance crowd) but the scoldings issued by the critics were severe and deeply, deeply sarcastic. They were every bit as upset as the white jazz critics had been in the late forties with wailing saxophonists Illinois Jacquet and Earl Bostic, the honkers and screamers who were constantly being chastised for their exuberant approach to something that was rapidly becoming an "art" music; every bit as snide as the white jazz critics of the late fifties and early sixties who responded to the New Thing of Ornette Coleman's Texas-rooted innovations and John Coltrane and Albert Ayler's un-house-trained experimentations. They responded , in short, by decrying the return of jazz to its entirely funky roots. Jazz was art, not entertainment or dance music, and bastardizing sellouts who were attempting to destroy the black-tie-and -concert-hall atmosphere the critics had spent long nights over cold typewriters attempting to create were obviously undeserving of the title *artiste.* Some people have just got to nigger up *everything!*

"Here it is so spank your butt off."

James Brown

Let's stop off briefly at The Sixties again and then get the hell out of there for good. The boombabies spent the entire decade duding themselves up for some Woodstock-sized costume party, convincing themselves if no one else that they were anything but Americans. Toward the end of the decade they devoted a lot of energy toward the proposition that the numerous and sundry racial and ethnic minorities they felt deep sympathy for should also turn their backs on bad ol' bankrupt Amerika Indians and anybody else whose past and/or present could be romanticized were urged to get out there and express and rediscover their rich, vibrant, vital cultural heritage. It was all the rage .

Well, hell; that made sense. No reason for Chicanos and blacks and Indians and Armenians to *not* be proud of their backgrounds. And the more they looked around themselves and saw the half-successful results of attempted assimilation, the more half-assed it all looked. Why *not* retreat back into traditional culture?

What the boombabies failed to inform their ethnic proteges was that this was only a temporary costume party. Goodnight, everybody; see ya later. Fashion moved on and the boombabies got tired of living with limited purchasing power. It was time to clean up your act and get a *real* job. It was astounding how quickly the former Indians, gypsys, pirates and sons of the soil shaped right up into...well, not Ward Cleaver and Robert Young, certainly - the hair was still over their ears, after all, and many of them retained their moustaches - but sort of current day facsimiles.

Which was great, as long as you were white. No problem at all for the whiteboys to cut off the hair one day and blend in with the commodores of commerce the next.

Continued next page

RAP con't

It wasn't quite so easy for blacks and hispanics and all the rest. And besides, even if, say, a black man found himself able to navigate in the demanding white waters of Winchester Widgets, Inc., back home he found himself constantly on the defensive about being an oreo - black on the outside but creamy white in the middle, where it counts. Of course, the number of people who had to deal with that particular problem was actually so small as to be nonexistent, since the joys of subcultural separation had been firmly impressed upon just about everyone during those fabulous Sixties of ours, and it took a better man than most to worm through that maze. Women? Well...

"We know that times are rough
And saving up is tough
Inflation's high
It's hard to buy
Seems you'll never have enough
Well, you can get it now
Let Remco show you how
Why cramp your style?
Why wait a while?
At Remco you can get it now!"

song from a national television commercial

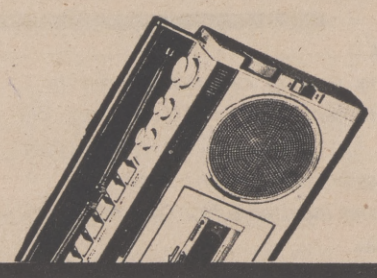
If you think it will help, empty out your wallet and put everything in a drawer for a while. Then go watch yourself some tv. Imagine spending your whole life having all that fine stuff dangled tantalizingly in front of your face - not just on tv or radio, but everywhere. Everyplace. It's only been in the last ten years or so that the average black has been able to have even the faintest realistic hope of someday making the big buck...unless they finally hit the numbers. Frustration ain't *even* the word for it. So it's not too surprising that the rappers are so concerned with money and the material goods it captures. Listen to the Sugarhill Gang's Big Bank Hank:

"You see I got more clothes than
Muhammed Ali
And I dress so viciously
I got bodyguards, I got two big dogs
That definitely ain't the whack
I got a Lincoln Continental and a sure
move Cadillac
So after school I take a dip in the pool
Which is really on the wall
I got a color tv so I can see
The Knicks play basketball
Hear me talkin' bout checkbook, credit
card, more money
Than a sucker could ever spend..."

And hey, sexual prowess is the one area where black men have always intimidated whites, so it stands to reason that the rapper emcees are way, way beyond fixated. Here's Spoonie Gee:

"See, I.m so shrewd to get you in the mood
Before you know it you'll be in the nude!"

But vicious dressers or not, shrewd, stewed or misconstrued, the rappers got one real big problem: they're totally ineffectual. Powerless. Emasculated. Clipped. White America doesn't know a thing about them, doesn't want to know and never will if it has anything to do with it. The rappers are riding the most exciting pop music of the day - funk - and they're making demands on the language that can't help but excite anyone who hears them... but ain't nobody gonna hear'em. They dead in the water. They got zip chance at ever gettin' heard outside of black radio stations, most of which are trying to pussyfoot around rap music themselves, since it's too damn black for mass appeal. Nobody wanna hear that nigger shit... but somebody sure buyin' a lot of records out there...



"I knowed a man be th'name iv Clancy wanst, Jawn. He was fr'm th'County May-O, but a good man f'r all that; an' whin he'd growed to be a big sthrappin' fellow, he wint on to th' fire department. They's anIrishman'r two on th' fire departmint an'in th' army, too, Jawn, though ye' think be hearin' some talk they was all runnin' prim'ries an'thryin' to be cinthral comitymen. So ye wud. Ye niver hear iv them on'y when they die; an'thin, murther, what funerals they have!"

from "Mr. Dooley on the Popularity of Fireman" by Finley Peter Dunne

"No Irish Need Apply," "Irishmen and Dogs Not Welcome." The reaction to the mass arrival of Irish escaping the potato famine was pretty predictable. They spoke bad English, most of'em, or none at all. They were everywhere, taking bread out of the mouths of good American citizens with their willingness to work for wages a nigger would have passed up. They were the objects of scorn and derision.

The Irish, like the Italians and the Chinese among many others, formed themselves a little benevolent and protective association. It was named after the building that housed it, Tammany Hall. (The Chinese had tongs, the dagos the Mafia.) Tammany could serve up the Irish bloc vote on a shining platter... provided you were willing to pay the price. That toll included jobs for the ward heeler's constituents. The fabled Irish cop of a thousand comic stories is an example of Tammany's efficiency. It was in the best interest of Tammany's bosses to cultivate the young and clever heeler who could belabor the brogue, regale you in Gaelic, but who could also stand his ground in an argument with some red-blooded American politico. Language skills and the ability to mix were at a premium.

Eventually , Tammany was absorbed into the system. It was corrupt and had ruled New York with a greasy palm, but it had served its purpose, keeping its constituents fed, clothed and housed, dominating a political system that would have brutalized them otherwise. Tammany's deals eventually spread across such a wide area of influence that its Irishness was of necessity diluted. It had provided a vehicle for assimilation, in any case, where no other possibility had existed.

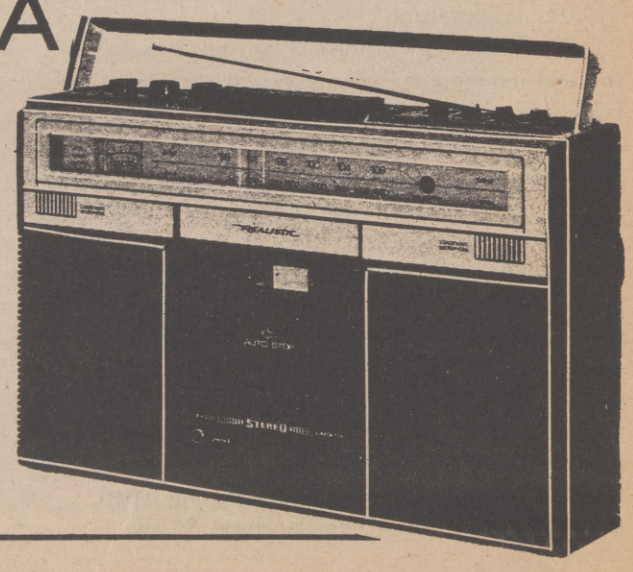
The same was true for the Mafia and the tongs. It was in the group interest for the Don to cultivate sharp young men who could go both ways, who could relate to their own people and to the Americans who were being manipulated. As the sphere of influence broadened, the ethnicity of the group diminished. One could always choose to remain cradled within the confines of the sub-cultural group, living within the traditionally-prescribed area, speaking only the mother tongue and the local jargon, but the fact remained: the men from County May hated the Kerry men every bit as much as the Sicilians despised the Sardinians, but faced with joint oppression, their leaders forced them to iron it out.

Tell me why it is that the Chicano gang kids of California and the Southwest, some of whose grandfathers belonged to the same organizations, have gotten so high profile in the last couple of years. Tell me and then I'll tell how nicely the assimilation process is proceeding along *these* days. Maybe I'll even lie to you and tell you we haven't short-circuited the whole mechanism.

"Does it mean I should take my machete
To chop my way through the path of life?
Does it mean I should run with the dog
pack?
Is that the way to be the one to survive?
Is the music calling for a river of blood?

from "Corner Soul," by the Clash

THE BALKANIZATION OF AMERICA



This is a new nation of nations, this Balkan States of America, conceived on liberty, suckled by television and as yet entirely unweaned, howling with rage and reddened faces whenever the sugartit's removal is threatened. We operate on different circuitry than any previous America and the software is only now adjusting to the market. Demographics free us from the hazards of messy moral decisions and the individual who argues with them can only fail. No one's arguing.

We have separated oursilves into hundreds of groups that share neither language, taste or obsession. We're not always sure of the name of our own group , much less that of any of the others, but we know we like people who remind us of ourselves and we distinctly hate to be reminded that there are those who are different. We hate it so much that we don't see them; officially, we are one nation only, and we look and act more like the casters of the news than its makers.

The population bulge produced by the ending of the Second World War has been a boon for marketers, the people who, more than any others, rule this land. We have been trained to judge everything-- life, people, time-- as if it were a product, a piece of merchandise. The bigger the brand name, the more the merchandise identifies itself, the more we like it. We wear our brands everywhere. And our children are even better trained than we ourselves.

NATALITY:

AN ARTOPSY

1) Would you like a Scotch and water?
A. Natalie would.

2) Would you fall for that old line?
A. Natalie would.

3) Would you die rather than divorce your husband again?
A. Natalie would.

4) Would you believe in the transmigration of sole?
A. Natalie would.

5) Would you harbor a grudge?
A. Natalie would.

6) Would you wear a pair of water moccasins?
A. Natalie would.

7) Would you sue for anemone more than twice?
A. Natalie would.

8) Would you say that your net worth is more than a million dollars?
A. Natalie would.

9) Would you care for a Lifesaver?
A. Natalie would.

10) Would you please pass the salt water?
A. Natalie would.

11) Would you winter in Atlantis?
A. Natalie would.

12) Would you take candy from a baby seal?
A. Natalie would.

13) Would you invest in Whirlpool?
A. Natalie would.

14) Would you say that you retain water?
A. Natalie would.

15) Would you leave a suicide note in Davy Jones' locker?
A. Natalie would.

16) Would you describe yourself as unfathomable?
A. Natalie would.

17) Would you go overboard for atoll, dark, handsome man?
A. Natalie would.

18) Would you drink the water there?
A. Natalie would.

19) Would you have the cataracts removed from your eyes?
A. Natalie would.

20) Would you follow Jesus anywhere?
A. Natalie would.

Right to Laugh
Box 2267
Berkeley, Calif.
94702

HTS
NATION UNDER GOD!
Remember?
GOD HA
THE SHE
OF INN
BL
VOTE
MORALITY
G
A
L
E

I G N O R A N C E

O HATES
SHEDDING
INNOCENT
LOOD
says
"THERE IS NO
STRONG
FAMILIES
=
STRONG
AMERICA
GOD LOVES
AMERICA—
DOWE
LOVE HIM?
E IS BLISS

A PLACENTA IN EVERY POT

By Kristen Andersen

You are about to enter Marin, that **oft-celebrated Psycho-babylon.** It is a prosperous Northern California county with a population of 222,952, half of whom are potted ferns. Its chief exports include clinical psychologists named Jason, the notion that children should be breast-fed until they reach voting age, the recipe for bottling and preserving water, and the ancient new tongue, **Marinese.**

No need to go far, really, for Marin has spread to every community that has a Co-op, a Jungian BMW mechanic, or a private cremation-racquetball club. More than just a residence, it's an Indenture.

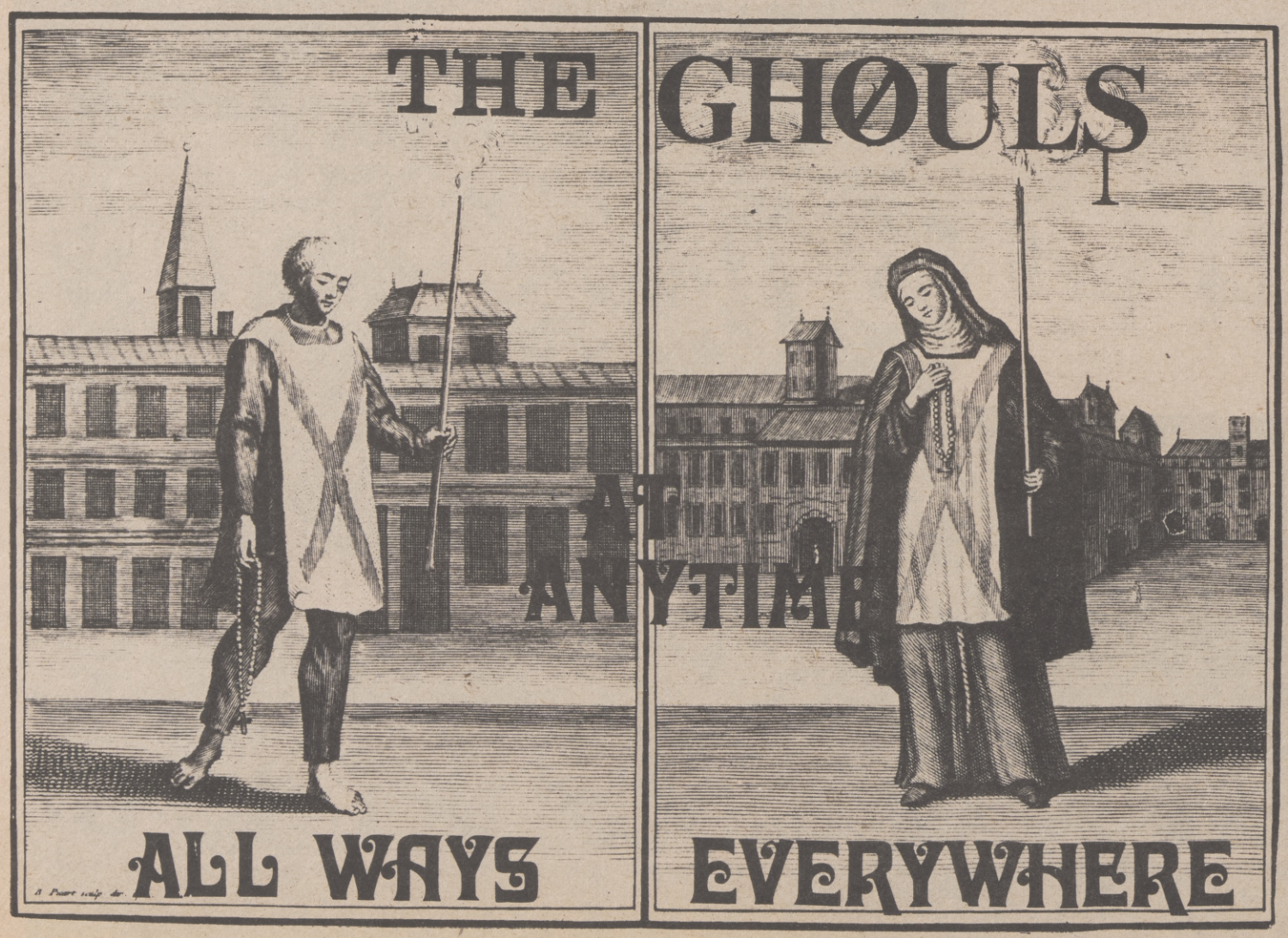
Often incomprehensible to the untrained ear, etymologists have traced the **meologisms** of Marinese to standard, post Adelle Davis Englesh, by way of regional overexposure to Cusinarts, Ralph **Nadir,** nineteen-grain bread, terrorist organizations named after shellfish, and satin sweat pants. These elements, combined with an overall B.H.T. deficiency, mated furiously to produce modern Marinese.

This primer has been compiled for those who speak English as a first language. While command of these terms neither guarantees **affluency** nor explains why the spaghetti is brown, it will help one to order a bowl of plankton soup and **mean** it, engage in a dialogue about vaginal orgasms, Ram Dass, and thou, and **feel** it or to place a relationship ad in **The Bay Guardian** and **need** it.

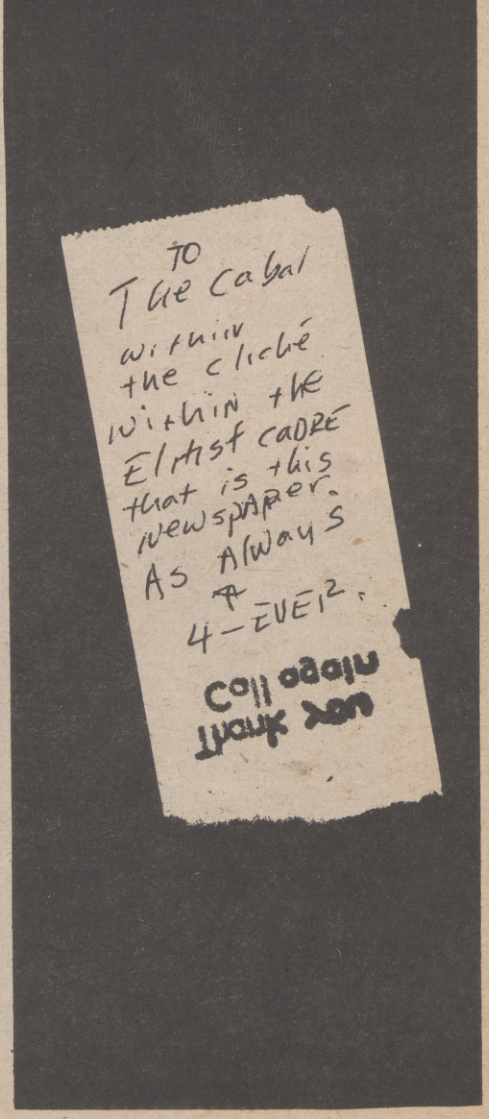
Marinese	English equivalent
I love you	Hello.
Bummed out	Not suicidal enough.
Thank you for sharing your anger with me.	Fuck off and die.
Mellow.	Boring.
Placenta.	Dinner.
He bad-vibed me.	He used multi-syllabic words.
Beautiful.	Anything that moves.
Bi.	Indecisive.
Whole (As in food, grain, earth, bodily discharge.)	Topsoil included, at additional charge in the better restaurants.
est.	Shlock therapy.
Hot tub.	Bourgeois stew.
Open.	Rude.
Survivor.	Over thirty.
Positive energy.	Monosyllables.
For sure.	Maybe; I don't know; are you buying?
N.R.B.	Not a Righteous Brother. Deprived from birth of any inter-racial contact, all Marinese long to be black.
Real.	Deodorant-free.
Together.	Solvent; able to lend money to passing acquaintences.
Natural high.	Sensory deprivation.
Oshe.	1. A body of water which all too few Marinese ever take full advantage of. 2. The first sharp right o off the Golden Gate Bridge.
To hang out.	To make a nuisance of oneself.
Unnatural.	The polio vaccine.
Macrobiotic diet.	**Let's Be Healthy Corpses**
Rolfing.	*Fist-fucking for the laid back.*
Money.	What they have in Marin instead of foodstamps.

Escargot.	Marin-ated banana slugs.
Menstrual sponge.	What you believed to be exceptionally chewey tofu.
Perrier.	Non-alcoholic Dom Perignon.
Calistoga.	Non-alcoholic Cold Duck.
Wine.	The only kind: white, domestic, often made from fungus.
Coke.	An over-priced excuse to patronize jewelry/accessory boutiques owned by over-priced homosexuals.
Air.	The one dish that is always politically correct.
Real Estate.	What they have in Marin instead of sex.
Greenpeace.	1. Tax-deductible bumper stickers. 2. Warm blooded reasons for not dying.
Head set.	Sony Walkman.
Gurus.	The Darth Vedas.
Politics.	A Brown-out.
Stoked.	Komakaze.
Upfront.	1. Insufferable. 2. In cash.
Miracle of Birth.	1. Female fulfillment. 2. Love of labor. 3. Home cloning. Time for dinner (see Placenta.)
Rebirthing.	Designer comas.
Neptune Society.	Designer death.

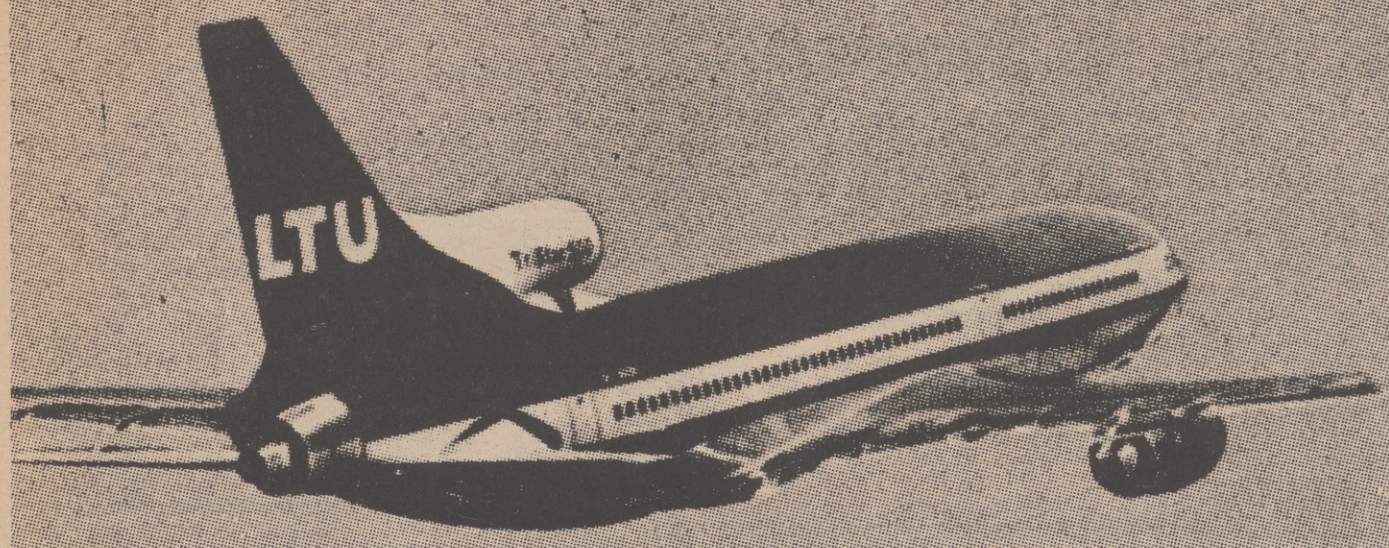
POISON POISON POISON



Just a note from another satisfied customer:



FLIGHT PATTERN



JET LAG

Suzy had been traveling hard. Abondonza: red wine and calamari complete. When she re-entered via airliner and customs check, when she re-entered with foreign beau on arm, when she re-entered a la taxi the city she had left, she began to hyperventilate. Familiarity wound around her like the twists and turns of old streets. "Maybe I haven't really changed," she thought. Comparison will tell (she assumed) and so marked her changes by the consistency of others. Specifically by how often they wore the cast off clothes she had given them before she left. When she would see them on the street or at nightclubs she would say, "Oh, my old shoes, you've dyed them", or "that sweater always made me itch", or " That was my favorite skirt". She must be different now, after all she no longer wore those clothes, did she? And then, claims having been stated, references to the past cataloged, we, the wearers of the cast off clothes became last year's model of herself, and were placed naked.

SHE STRIPS THE CLOTHES RIGHT OFF OUR BACKS UNRAVELS WOOL AROUND AND ROUND LOOKING HARD FOR HIDDEN CLUES TELLING HER WHERE SHE HAD BEEN SEWN IN BETWEEN THE SOLID SEAMS. TRAVEL CHANGES YOU.

France is an interesting country, good for fucking with panache. Ugly and charming, the ancient male opiates himself by scratching his balls while immigrants swarm from spot to spot like lice. There are mostly naval battles here, as Europe has no milk, only semen. The boy stood on the burning deck, his feet were full of blisters, he tried to put his shoes on but he only had his sisters.

TRAVELERS CHECKS

1. "That Greek was backwards in his ways."
2. "I'm tired of sex, let's talk of Poland."
3. "One French kiss is worth Minneapolis."
4. "There are no hotcakes in Italy, but many warm rolls."
5. "She couldn't see the Black Forest for the trees."

JET LAG: REPLAY

Buried under colored maps of Europe and 42 patterned scarfs in the bottom of a traveling case discovered by a clerk at the Salvation Army Thrift store in Dallas, Texas, was a journal dated November 1963. Apparently it had belonged to a young girl who received a trip to Europe from her father as a gift for her 18th birthday. The entry had been headed "November 22, leaving Paris" and folded between the pages was the receipt of her ticket telling us she had flown Continental Airlines Flight 223 Tourist Class.

"Paris was lovely, lovely, lovely, just as I knew it would be! I met the cutest Frenchman, too. After pastries, champagne, and Phillipe, coming home to cornbread, beer, and Tom will be awful. I think I have really grown up now. (I can't wait to tell Patti and Sue about French men.) Philippe said he really liked American girls, (and me especially) because they were naive and aggressive (well, I'm not naive now!). He said that being American was a gift, but of ignorance and he said that I was very lucky. He said (what eyes!) that Americans see differently than Europeans, but our visions of the future are shortsighted because we can see one thing, but not many. He said (and lips!) we fly before plotting our chart, and so, afraid to look down we can't see where we are going. He said (those hands!) we made a technology that we can't handle because we are Puritans. Puritans, hell, I thought, and oh boy what a night!

Wait, I hear the Captain saying "If you will look out the windows on the right..." and I don't want to miss anything, more later."

WE THOUGHT THAT WE COULD TAKE THE TRAIN

They are going on vacation-- each with a suitcase in one hand, a watch on each right wrist. They are moving very fast and we only see their shadows blur and all of a sudden they are in these pink and orange itchy seats strapped down tuned in musak blasting force fed engines roaring and they forgot where they were going. It all looked the same up here.

SLEEP, SLEEP ON THE PLANE, MY LOVE PLEASE SLEEP SLEEP ON THE PLANE WON'T YOU PLEASE SLEEP, SLEEP ON THE PLANE MY DEAR PLEASE SLEEP, SLEEP ON THE PLANE. SWEETLY DREAM DREAM ON THE PLANE SWEET SUE, SWEET DREAMS TO YOU ON THE PLANE. FAR ABOVE THE CLOUDS THEY ARE CALLING TO YOU, WON'T YOU PLEASE SLEEP ON THE PLANE. SLEEP ON THE PLANE. SLEEP ON THE PLANE. SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP

TRAVEL AND BIOLOGY

Have your insides scraped and laid on a high table
Red and Black the signs are there
A new map/ some new territory
look
A long blue vein is the road to Illinois
A small town is blood on the floor
A clump of intestine is the Civic Center
in Sydney, Australia.

Travel agent Sue never unpacks when she comes back, she just leaves the suitcase on the floor filled with clothes and books and shoes. She only hangs them up after she has worn them twice. Because they never fit at first because travel broadens you.

Sabina Ott
9. 81

LIZ

How to Think Your Way to Slimness

STILL 45c

Here's To Tension

When you work, you get rung,
When you romp, you get sunk,
When you creep, you get gnarled,
When you bash, you get bushed,
When you look, you get cookies!

Aardvark, Please deliver me,
My crevices cry out for Wampun Tampums,
But not here, not here!
For god sweepstakes, *buy* me a way out;
a knot to tie, a bib to shuck, a knuckle-saver!
a room with a mind, huh?!

Well, bein's as it's rad' 'n all,
Let tokens of cash give way to Funky Noodle,
And if your night out is my headache,
and my spiritual release is his sensory deprivation tank,
and his uncanny sense of rhythm is her
monotone, well,
perhaps our grief plan will serve you best,
Mrs. Kibble.

by Sarah Miller

---

when heroes go bald

the knife entered the abdomen and continued
its's ride until it severed the pulmonary
artery of her heart, his three children,
you can see, were shotgunned to death as
they watched television in these wicker
chairs apparently he re-loaded his gun,
placed it to his head and fired, as far as
I'm concerned it was a murder/suicide

no notes

by Michael Davis

---

marin county deer

they're carnivorous, no kidding
downtown yesterday at the hot
dog stand a huge antlered buck
pounded a dirty hoof against the
redwood siding of the take-out
window

4 dogs he said
and more mustard this time

by Michael Davis

Totie

I wanna
know
what happened to Totie Fields' jewelry
did the kids get it
husband
lawyer
why was she so fat anyway
was it a
thyroid disorder
indifference
career move
did she die from the
tubs of make-up
hunger for the lights
weight
money
huh?

by Michael Davis

---

singer in a warm-up band

a
thin
urgent
crease of
need
runs up her
mini-skirt
the mesh
nylons
sail into her crotch
she grips the microphone;
life support,
stares into the changing
hue
of the spotlights
and calls
to her
lover

across
an
ocean
of
glass

by Michael Davis

---

fuck you

when they lowered her into
the grave after the automobile
accident I tossed a couple of
telephones into the earth after
her body, her mother screamed after me
you're crazy she said, you did it
you killed her

fuck you
I said, it's how I remember her;
on the telephone

by Michael Davis

On The Forefront

There stands Marlon Brando brandishing a ice cream fretting over his cuticles, hopes he gets to do some more butt-fucking in the next picture, only this time for real whoops! boom go ice cream, "rats", go Marlon
A dyke comes up and rams his face
in it

by Sarah Miller

Conversations With Salvador
(a dolly for dali)

latent homosexual,
creeping in the shadows of kiddies
playing with a giant penis,
fucking in the dark corners
of his own mind

latent homosexual,
dating his sister's wife
so the rest of the family
won't know that he's
running ragged at the seams

bursting with pink jism

latent homosexual,
jacking off on his brother's pillow,
pulling candy from his vision
as he rides the bus to work and
counts the cocks he'd like to suck

latent homosexual,
looking in the mirror,
seeing images of you and me
and all the gods and dogs
that ever squatted and shat

masterpieces

by Walter Q. Foxx

False Accusations

a lady called me up on the phone
last night:

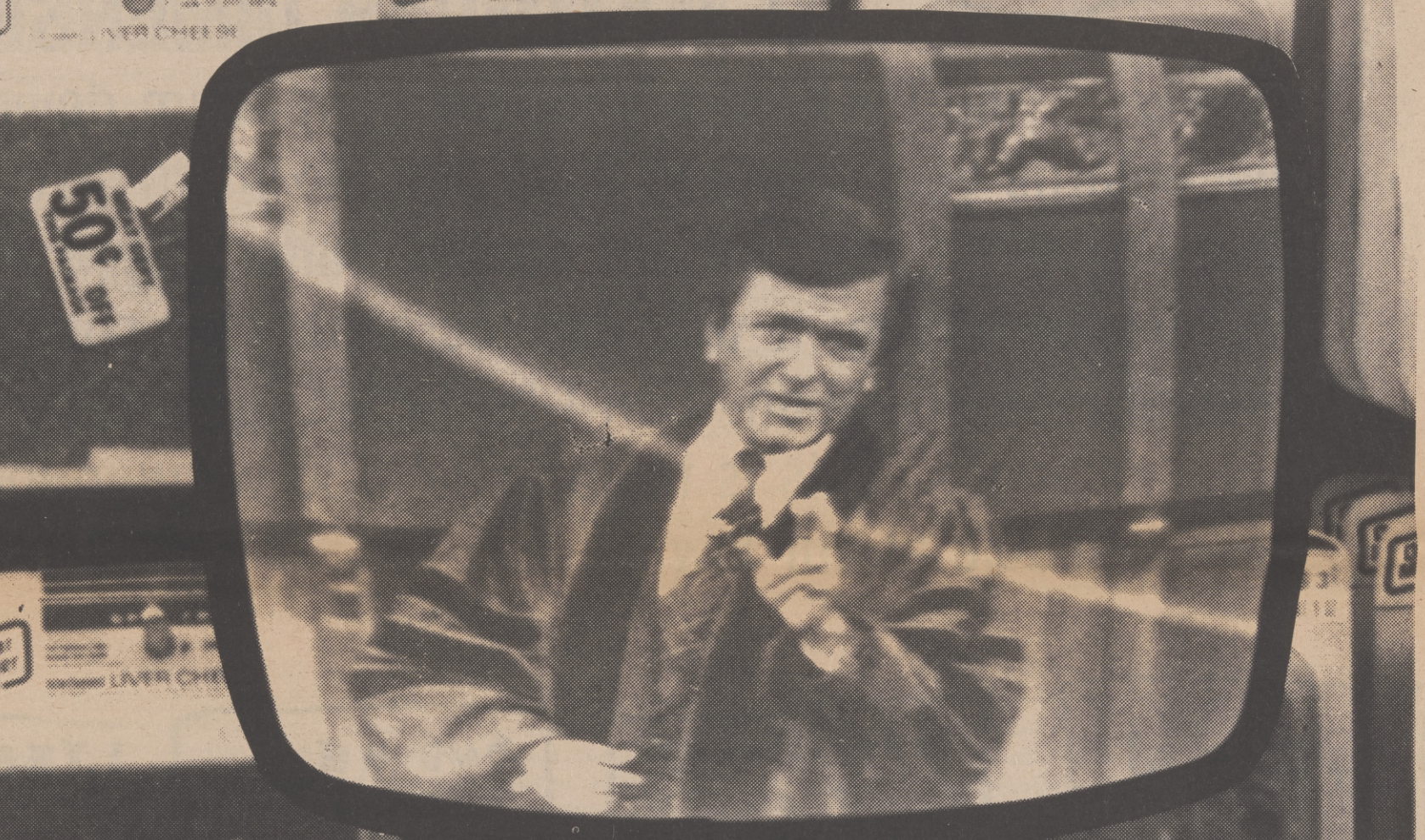
said I was dirty and mindless
said I raped little girls with my words
said I ate little children with my thoughts
said I created hell and insanity
on the streets of Oakland
on the streets of New York
on the streets of Paris
on the streets of Moscow
and all the other places where
MEN
ABUSE
WOMEN

By Walter Q. Foxx

(Walter Q. Foxx is the editor of San Francisco Terror *magazine, contents: This Girl Wants to be Raped, Knives, Sexual Delights, Dead Whore.* SF Terror *and a pamphlet,* Homecare for the Paraplegic *are available for one dollar p. and h. (gets you both) from* Quadraplegic, P.O. Box 1139 Berkeley, CA 94701. *Tell 'em you saw it in STORMS OF YOUTH, you perverted slime.*
—Ed)

WAITING

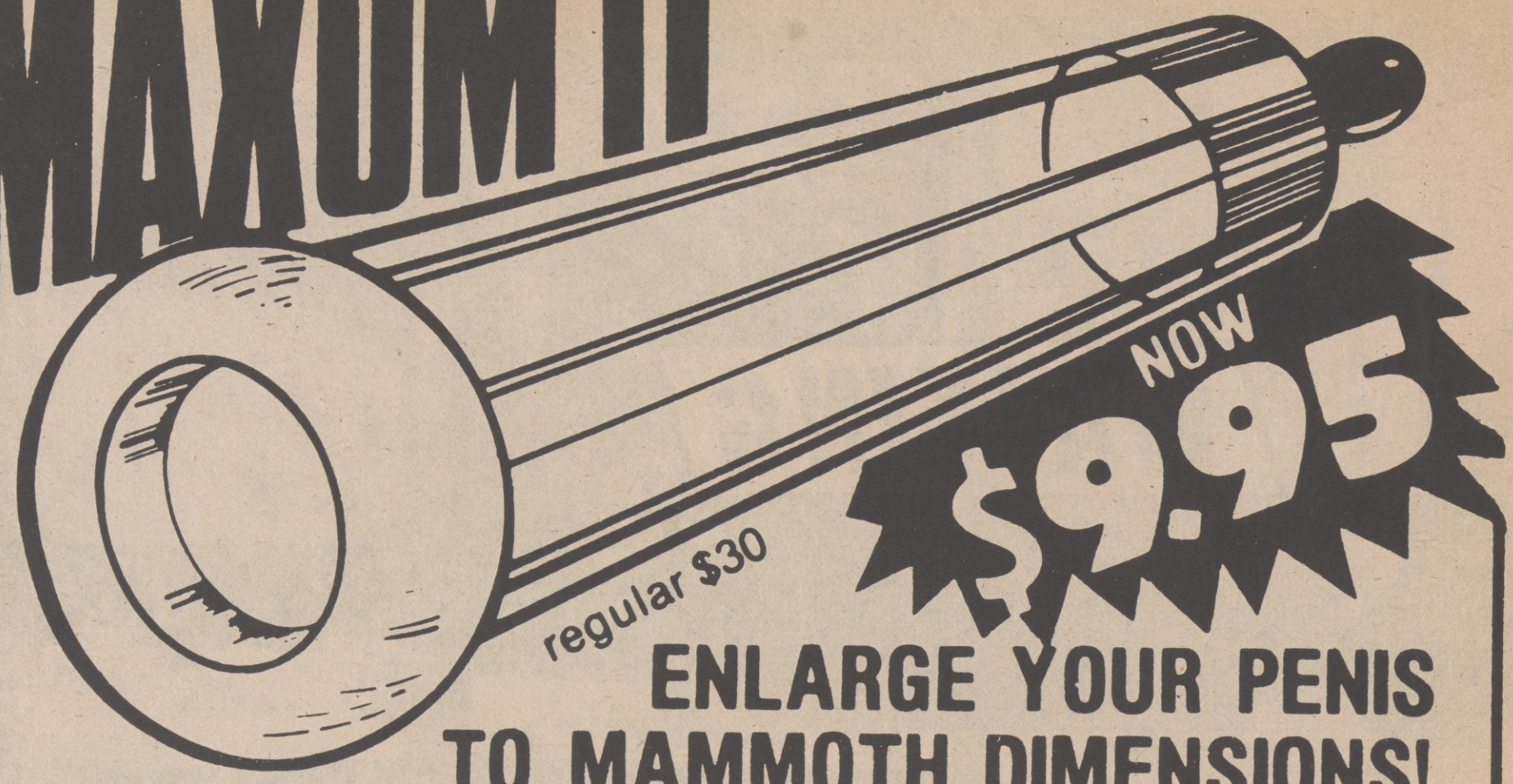
by *DANIEL LOEB*



. . . TO BE SAVED

STORMS OF YOUTH PAGE 15

MAXUM II



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GERN FLANSTON ATTORNEY AT LAW
YOUR HONOR MY CLIENT SIMPLY FOUND THE GUN LAYING NEXT TO THE BODY
AND HE FIRED IT AT THE POLICE OFFICER BECAUSE HE THOUGHT HE WAS ON T.V.
YEAH, THATS IT, HE THOUGHT HE WAS MANNIX FOR A MINUTE HEH HEH.
SO YOU SEE IT WASN'T HIS FAULT AT ALL YOUR HONOR. IN FACT..
ITS NOT REALLY MY CLIENT WHO'S ON TRIAL HERE. ...ITS MANNIX!!
AND SINCE MANNIX HAS BEEN OFF THE AIR FOR TEN YEARS.
MY CLIENT is INNOCENT!! I REST MY CASE
BRAVO!
YEAH

YOKOPHOBIA

by JOSEPH LANZ

To many John Lennon fans, the shooting death on December 8, 1980, was just a formality. The real murder occured sometime in 1966 when John met Yoko--that "yellow peril" of the 60's who had transformed John from a working class idol into a melancholy wimp. At least this is the opinion which led many Beatlemaniacs to Yokophobia in their attempt to defend the provincial innocence they felt was being threatened by Yoko's untimely avant-garde and feminist ideas--twin forces many still contend were responsible for the Fab Four's demise.

Yokophobia was a scapegoating ritual that provided some social cohesion for a youth culture whose identity dwindled by the early 70's. It also allowed hippies to re-kindle the racist/sexist prejudices they grew up on. Unconciously sharing daddy's anti-Jap, anti-intellectual attitude, the hippies used Yoko as a symbol of unity with American soldiers in a mutual hatred of Asians. Yoko signified the fragile, Oriental doll who was the ultimate conquest of Vietnam aggressors. While raped and impaled by maniacs overseas, the doll was being defamed and persecuted by was resisters and rock critics at home.

The most obvious source of Yokophobia was aesthetic. To those used to seeing a white spouse on the rock star wedding cake, Yoko was a hideous eyesore. Her face, apart from the slanty eyes, seemed too manly; the features almost simian. She was too creepy, too quiet. Her voice had an unnerving premenstrual giddiness, and her singing-- well, a generation nurtured on western tones could never assimilate those exotic, banzai wailings. Her music had a discord that the counter-culture was not yet counter enough to appreciate.

Fans spoonfed on John's war-free, utopian visions had no room for Yoko's apocalyptic stammerings. Most of her songs had a pessimistic urgency, a panicky reaction to impending catastrophy. DON'T WORRY KYOKO (Live Peace in Toronto), besides echoing her child custody disputes, shrieked over the pitiful mess the 60's revolution had become. In JOHN, JOHN LET'S HOPE FOR PEACE, she perfects her bloodcurdling screams in another sorry cry for hope in the face of imminent defeat. WHY (from her first solo album) is the visionary's point of view wishing things were different, and WHY NOT gives an indolent 70's retort calling for an acceptance of the status quo. The sex/violence equation (rooted in Yoko's feminist obsession with rape and the invasion of female solitude) fills the *Fly* album's title track where the buzz of an intruding insect and the whining of the woman whose body the insect treads upon engage in aurally sexual combat. MIND TRAINstretches this concept even further when the ravishment implied by the words "Dub Dub Train passed through my mind" is dramitized through the contrasting voices of a frightened child, a groaning old woman and a middle aged woman who tries to put the tragic event into perspective. The three interpretations of the rape, created by Yoko's vocal inflections, form a fugue of interlacing personae.

In Yoko's third album *Approximately Infinite Universe* (where she defers her experimental forays for the sake of more introspective feminist statements), she introduces DEATH OF SAMANTHA, an eerie song about a young woman's trauma that evokes much emotion but is vague in content. The fact that the tragic event is constantly referred to in the song, yet never explained, reveals how Yoko's dreams of female equality are forever clouded by fatalism. Throughout the album, there is an akward contrast between grim wisions and light-hearted, often vapid optimism, but the final track, LOOKING FROM MY HOTEL WINDOW leaves the listener with thoughts of suicide and proves that the grim reaper emerges as victor.

After *Approximately Infinite Universe*, Yoko followed with *Feeling The Space* which, though musically polished, (perhaps too conventional) drags the women's movement through several more songs and adds nothing new. A few years of silence then ensue before *Double Fantasy* unleashes an even more cynical side with KISS KISS KISS ("warm hearts, cold darts") which utilizes the Giorgio Moroder euro-disc techniques masterminded during the time she was out of the public light. However, *Season Of Glass* finally parades Yoko's talents for the whole lazy world to see. After paying her dues, the pristine Yokophobes of *Rolling Stone* gave her dubious praise by hailing her as a "great new wave singer" and neglected the obvious fact that she is the leader of the likes of the B-52's, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and Lene Lovich, and not the follower. *Season Of Glass* is full of bitterness and her husband's death provides a fresh metaphor for her despair in songs such as NO NO NO and SHE GETS DOWN ON HER KNEES. Yoko indeed keeps up with the timesby becoming more comercially adaptable. Though her experimental sense is almost nil compared to her early efforts, her message can at least facilitate a wider audience. It is ironic that Yoko, so long hated for allegedly taking all the life out of John, is suddenly exalted after John is killed.

Yoko's more innovative, nihilistic side is a swansong for the death of an old order, a destruction of male supremacy, apple pie, harmony and musical consonance. To truly understand many of her "weird" performances, one should delve back and examine her influences through the music of Edgar Varese and Charles Ives in the early part of the century as well as her contemporary, John Cage, who played with atonality, experimented with shifting tonal modulations, tape delays, feedback and reverberations as added instruments. In her first two albums, she had experimented with various electronic sounds, melding classical strings with Ornette Coleman's jazz sounds in the track A.O.S., playing guitar feedback backwards on *Fly* and using the noise of shifting radio stations and even the sounds of her own heartbeat on the collaborative album with John entitled *Life With The Lions*. Most memorable are her pieces on *Fly* which employ what she calls "Joe Jones' Tonedeaf Music" consisting of a series of instruments which operate without ant human manipulation, activated by wind and shifting temperatures. This, of course, is the harbinger of Brian Eno's "ambient music" (background music which both affects and is affected by shifting environmental conditions) as well as his idea of self-regulating instruments which perform like mechanical automatons. Like Eno and Cage, Yoko is willing to take a plunge into the scary future, celebrating impersonal, mechanized energy with a mixture of praise and dread.

Taking Yoko's flirtation with futurism into account, it is easy to see how the "back to nature" faction of 60's iconoclasm was scared shitless of this post-Nagasaki spectre. Most infuriating to Yokophobes was the stealthy manner in which she desecrated John's sacrosanct recordings with her background yelps. Her presence in all the later Beatles publicity photos also caused a stir. It is understandable how Beatles disciples, bewildered over the shift from simple, bopping rock and roll to the more complex and often winding psychedelic sounds, blamed Yoko for the band's decision to infect Western pop with Asian and Indian influences. One must also take into account the threat she posed for the rock star image. Once the holy icon of straight, white males, John Lennon suddenly became the mouthpiece for Yoko's alien sinister thoughts. How could he have dumped Cynthia (whose blonde presence at least gave the bleak promise of Caucasian progeny of little Johns) to miscegenate with the "samurai slut" who even had the audacity to question a woman's traditional role?

Yokophobes, mostly male, had a latent desire for sexual intercourse with Lennon and were jealous of Yoko's property rights. They also feared the petite kimono lurked a tool even bigger than the breadwinner's. (Notice Yoko unzipping her fly on the cover of *Soho News.*) Did Yoko really have some unholy power that could turn a rowdy rock and roller into a timid catamite? Could she really keep the Beatles separated and make John play the timid housewife while she took care of business matters? Whatever the case, Yoko is the only living reminder of John Lennon left. But now the climate is more accepting of her Japanese mania and avant-garde pose. The once massive Yokophobia rash is becoming a small pimple that can be squashed by a new breed of asexual punks who do not mind having a "castrating" feminist as the new figurehead. Lennon himself denounced the chauvinism that distorted his image and poisoned his wife's. All who survive Lennon's death must finally recognize his successor. "Hard Times are Over" Yoko sadly, yet sardonically intones as phony male idolatry ends and the coming holocaust can finally be seen with a neutered eye.

MICHAEL PEPPE'S LIST OF NAMES

The following is a list of possible names for bands, albums, songs, books, magazines, TV shows, venues, paintings, people, or whatever the reader wishes to title. To my knowledge none are copyrighted and all are available for use by any artist. The list may be used as either a simple reservoir of images or as ignition to the intuition: no title on this list would not be equally interesting after the addition or subtraction of only a word or two. For example, "It Grabs At Things" can become "It Grabs", "The Things", "The Grab", etc. You name it.

Do
The Do
The Talking
Nerves
Blood
The Void
Beware Events
498
N
The Tits
Large Group Of Cells
Continuum Fun
No Extremeties
Anus
Feel
The Recent
Kill Event Horizon
What It Is
Sex
Sex Sex Sex
Out Out Out
4D
Throwness
Bring About Events
Dasein
Activities
Make
What Is
Back Seat Torso
Ass
Nothing
Genitals
The Squatting
No
No But No
Cunt
The Walking

Go
Don't
Us
Physical Laws Refuted
No Torso
United Arab Emirates
It Grabs At Things
Infinite Mass, Zero Volume
The Fucking
Mouth
Chaos
Action At A Distance
Not Not Nothing
The Lymph
nnF2F41rsrr(6L)rr
Thing That Tries
During The Hurting Of It
Try No. 998
What What What
Positron
Viscera
Real Spacetime
Wait
It Puts
Through
Solar Wind
Thighs
What Isn't
The Weak Force
Injury
The Some
Don't Stop
What It Does
Choose Will
Spacetime Singularity
Stop It Before It
Jesus Cock And Boy Scouts

Intra- Species Behavior
The Choosing
Sex Organs
Don't Look
No Head Or Extremeties
The Church
This
That
Seized
Witness Events
Activities For Grown-Ups
Problems
Having Problems?
Self And Oh Other
Self Magazine
Objects Over Time
Non-Abelian Gauge Theory
Describe Music
Zarathustra
Zarathustra Popmusik
Mind Body Problems
Shoot
The Fuck
Born
Born Fucking
The Shit
House
Eye
At
Up
The Foot
Can't Can't
Other People
Beyond Einstein
Einsteinian Universe Refuted
Give Up
The Choosing

No Legs
No Arms And Legs
Torso Only
The Objects
Age
The Penis
The Of
Action At A Distance
Teeth
Her Good Hand
Behavior
Acts
Acts In Rows
Those
Be Eaten
Skin
Skin And Hair
Eyes
Eyes Tied
What's Sex ?
Have Sex
Eat Sex
Have Fins
Wind Fins
The Things Are Touching Me
Don't Shoot
Teeth Muscles
Men And Women
Him
Her
Us Having Sex
Look Sex
Don't Pick It Up
Don't Touch It
Find Something To Mop It Up With
Somehow It Gets In
Someone Must Have Let It In
The Nausea
The Bible
The Books
Malone Dies
What To Do
Things To Do Today
Not Goal Oriented
Exciting Moments
Survive
Already Here
I Found Myself Here
The Head
The Buttocks

Find
Live
Thing That Does
The Grasp
The Grasps
It Grasps It
It Grasps And Holds On
The Place
The Can't
The Organisms
Hand Wings
Breath Hands
12 Or 50 Or 429
Be Humans
Wind Gills
The Mess
Theif
Any Mandible Reveille
Kafka
Asmodeus
Ngyraa'l'gh
Ba
Sodium/Potassium Gating
Pivot
Need
Not You
Running And Standing
Instance
Neitzche
Frederich Neitzche
Pop Neitzche
Quick Jump In Front
Peak Sunspot Activity
Adenosine Triphosphate
or Hoor'n
Let Go
Sound But No Image
Not Curt Gowdy
A Little More Than Say
Stop Peeking
Operate
Namibian Village Science
Certain Instances
The Doing
What Thinks
20 Or So Amino Acids
Measure Events
The Could
Bathysphere
Meteors Of Nickle

"PRAVDA" MEANS TRUTH IN RUSSIAN

by M.L. Jones

The following "editorial" appeared in Pravda, *Soviet Russia's official newspaper, some time ago, and our family scoutmaster recently discovered it. When he read it to his scout troop, they verified its "truth" by becoming, during its reading, the "howling adolescents" mentioned in the article, and they were afflicted by intermittent giggles for the next half hour.*

Although their suggestion of sending it to Mad *Magazine has merit — and shows the similarity between satire and propaganda — we decided to reprint it here. In the article, the usual Communist propaganda phrasemongering waxes ripe as vintage Limburger — We're only surprised they omitted neo-Fascists, running dogs, and imperialist lackeys from the list.*

Read this "expose" of the American Boy Scouts and learn why the Russian peasant stays ignorant in this media-mad age. Then give Pravda's *insidious use of half-truth and innuendo — the way in which such propaganda is created — the only response which it deserves: uncontrolled laughter.*

A *Pravda* survey reveals that an organization called "The Boy Scouts" is turning American youngsters into hostile, warmongering imperialists. Every boy who is forced to join the Boy Scouts is trained to be a master of all forms of espionage, violence, and germ warfare. He quickly becomes a tool of the ruthless U.S. government.

At the age of 8 or 9, innocent American boys are forcibly herded into an organization which is called "Cub Scouts," which prepares them for future foul deeds.

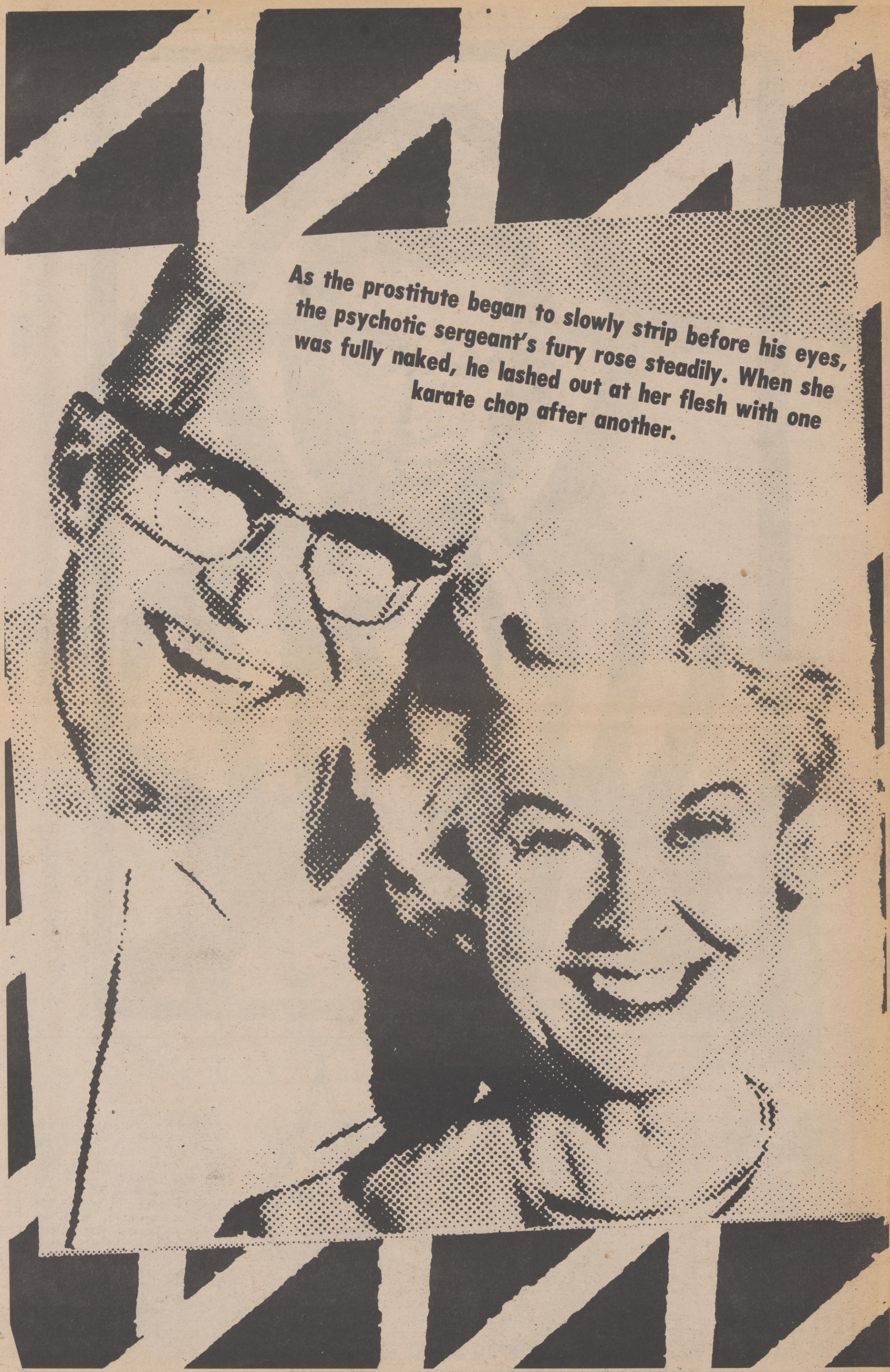
The Cub Scout dictators force the youth to worship the wolf, one of the most vicious and uncivilized of predatory animals.

After three years of servitude in the Cub Scouts, the boys, now howling adolescents, are forced to join older, more corrupt Boy Scouts.

The Scouts' most deceitful ritual is the shameful Court of Honor, where young war-mongers are decorated with so-called "Merit Badges." It is here that they receive awards in such insidious fields as swimming (underwater demolition and sabotage), path-finding (counter-espionage), and pioneering (exploitation of underdeveloped nations).

In their efforts to completely control American youth, the Scout Czars have also set up a sister organization called "The Girl Scouts of America." This ill-conceived group turns girls into unpaid door-to-door cookie vendors. The proceeds of these sales, of course, go to the Wall Street masterminds of the entire plot.

EXCERPTED FROM SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MAGAZINE



As the prostitute began to slowly strip before his eyes, the psychotic sergeant's fury rose steadily. When she was fully naked, he lashed out at her flesh with one karate chop after another.